DIONYSUS.

When I look on thee, it seems
I see their very selves!—But stay ; why streams
That lock abroad, not where I laid it, crossed
Under the coif ?

PENTHEUS.

I did it, as I tossed
My head in dancing, to and fro, and cried
His holy music !

DIONYSUS *(tending him).*

It shall soon be tied
Aright. 'Tis mine to tend thee, . . . Nay, but stand
With head straight.

PENTHEUS.

In the hollow of thy hand
I lay me. Deck me as thou wilt.

DIONYSUS.

Thy zone
Is loosened likewise ; and the folded gown
Not evenly falling to the feet.

PENTHEUS.

'Tis so,
By the right foot. But here, methinks, they flow
In one straight line to the heel.

DIONYSUS *(while tending him).*

And if thou prove
Their madness true, aye, more than true, what love
And thanks hast thou for me ?